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**Jack in the Box/Ode to a CityRail Rivet/Title Fight/The Epic Intergalactic Rap Battle in Hyperspace**

*Performance poetry*

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**Jack in the Box**

Shimmering layers of  
Cultivated Colour  
Shielding six feet of  
Finest Furnished  
Cedar.

Inside  
Softened brown hair  
Parting across the forehead  
Another item in  
Moses’ resume.  
A floppy mop  
Upon his crown,  
Kept for low maintenance.  
And lack of spare change.

A Chest  
Broad in Nature  
Less for strength  
More for a Phar Lapping  
Heart.  
A waist similarly  
Slim and svelte  
Deceptively concealing  
A plethora of the  
Metaphoric guts.

The Hands.  
Comically large  
Great pale fans that  
Touched and  
Threw and  
Tamed and  
Talked.  
The nails still growing
For once not gnawed by
Habitual chops.
Folded together
Over the navel,
Guarding a sealed
Orifice that must retain
The last meal of
Kebab.
And brake fluid.

Legs that once
Leapt dirt shoulders
Straddled streams and
Plundered the pedals that
Would abruptly put an
Absence to presence.
Dangling off them
Ten toes
Teetering on the
Igneous
Brink.

All this is lined with a
Red velvet cocoon to
Match the strings of
Vermillion that once
Strolled from the
Handsome form.
Now the softest
Barrier between

Six feet of hard earth
And
A Beautiful Statistic

This is Jack.

In his Last Box.
Ode to a CityRail Rivet

Dead.
Pans and pots stoned stare ahead
Travelling on half fare
Concessions to the round rolling twisting tolling
Free form folding but it's just not funny
To the white gloss gleam gleaning globules
Of similar environment
Loathing life less love
Speeding without movement
Screaming without sound
Hurtling toward a crushing diminuendo
Repressed animal frame not tame
Sitting smiling lying compiling party make out CD
Upon rampart hard earth casing calibre
Retrieved smoking from her greyscale floor
Above lights above law below ground white lines
dark confines skulking in shadows
Mills and Boon sit atop their printing prefecture
Plotting pointless passion amid pangs
For Pounds, Euros, Greenbacks.
Silverbacks
Ruling literary jungle with leathery hide and
Phosphoric fur munching roughage
With a citric zest.
sexytaries
sexy stockings
sexyisms
hot Pink
hot Babes
hot Morals
Burnt.
Cindered in an urban melting pot.
Along with my satin spats
Spray on cool clothes home made in China
By four year old subsisting sweat slave.
No dice.
Tick.
Do it. Shoe it. Move it. Use it.
Love it. Laugh it. Live it. Long it.
Seize the day like an epileptic at a rock concert.
**Title Fight**

Ladies and Gentlemen,
In the blue corner,
Weighing in at a half a billion pounds
Of pure pious prophetic muscle…
The Old Guard
The Establishment
RELIGION!!!
(crowd goes nuts)

Aaand in the red corner
The raw rookie clawing to the top
Facing one last stumbling block tonight
The Correct
The Increasingly Trusted
SCIENCE!!!
(crowd goes just as wild)

To referee tonight’s match
Reinstated despite complaints
Over its neutrality
I present
The omniscient
The omnipotent
The omnipresent
THE MEDIA!!!
(Crowd boos)

The fight is on
Now. Right Now
And it wants you
Now recruiting
For shooting
For looting
Putin is not the enemy
Russia has been mollified
Sodomised
Capitalised
INSTEAD
In the ring against you
Are those who want to hurt you
They’ll steal your soul
Eat you whole
The black bowl of souls
Shod with shoes of steely steadfastness
Trampling a sad holy man in the
Mosque/Church/Temple/Tabernacle
But wait!
Hold back
Not yet
Power down your phaser
Unload your rifle
Stifle your anger for just a tick
We can wait.
They’ll start tearing each other up.
Just watch.
Because weapons of war may be scientific
But their causes are so often religiorific
Sunnis Shiites Protestants Catholics
Hindus Puritans Jews Palestinians
Crusade Jihad
Holy Land
Holy Grail
10 Commandments
8 Arms
7 Valleys
4 Books
1 God
And
6,000,000,000 people who all know they’re right.
The Epic Intergalactic Rap Battle in Hyperspace

Yo Mr Alien listen up chump
I’m gonna take a swing and smack yo’ rump
You’ve been a very naughty boy
Very naughty indeed
Shooting up stars on yo’ galactic steed
You know whacha are man? You know whacha are?
Yo’ a terrorist man is exactly whacha are
And because of that
I’m afraid
I’ve gotta take you down with my justice blade.

Please Mr Human you don’t understand
I’m simply looking for my promised land
Where I can be free and where I can see
Some security
For my family
Where there’s no human be-ings
Trying to gee things
Up
And up
And up and up and up
And up in the stars so far away
My species is fighting so we can stay
ALIVE! Boy
Oh don’t you see
We are in fact as peaceful as can be

Well that’s a very nice story Mr Alien
But you can tell it to Satan when
Your soul is burning in cleansing hell flame
Cos living in sin – well that’s insane
So can you feel the fire of my burning sword?
And can you hear the trumpets blasting out your chord?
Can you taste the sweet touch of vengeance on your lips?
Can smell your black blood dying as it drips?
It’s up to me that you and your kind
Remain oppressed and stay outside

Look Mr Human I told you once
Us aliens are really quite peaceful bunch
We like to smell the roses
Cradle the babies
And maybe lay some loving on those lovely ladies  
True emancipation is a soul set free  
To float through the dark of our galaxy  
So come my brothers don’t you play at war

Take my hand, together we can soar  
On the solar winds and watch the solar flares  
Beneath polar lights sitting on the stairs  
Beneath the milky way on this glorious night  
So won’t you come with me and let us take flight

Aliens aliens all the same  
Trying to suck me in with your little games  
As pretty as your pearly little rhetoric is  
It doesn’t fool me see I’m the shizz  
You’re gonna rape our women  
Eat our babies  
All the while pretending to be contemplative  
You don’t wanna lead us go shooting through space  
But engineer the destruction of our race  
Say what’s over there?  
Yes, that behind you – AAARGH  
No don’t you turn your back to  
A man with a weapon and destruction on his mind  
Now to see how many of your friends I can find

Fine Mr Human you leave me no choice  
The time has now come for me  
To raise my voice  
My brothers! My sisters!  
A call to arms!  
It’s now our turn to return the harm  
The war we wage will be of self defence  
We will not take revenge or seek recompense  
Mr Human I’m afraid that in your hate  
You’ve failed to realise that I regenerate  
Your anger and your ignorance make me sad  
But your reckless violence just makes me mad  
This is the moment  
The battle’s engaged  
The lines are drawn  
And we’re good to invade
I want none alive
I want none to survive
Clean out the nest
And bomb the hive

**Force them back**
**Fend off the attack**
**And when they retire**
**Hit em with the crack**

TROOPS!
Form up
Stand to
Salute
We’re gonna bomb shell stab cut thrust kill shoot

**With our guns and our swords and our knives and our planes**
**Destroy deploy to kill and maim...**